AT LAST.

I stand prepared, I beg to state,
To give the vain malicious fiction
That ladies love to be too late,
Flat contradiction.

They say (what will they not mantain!
A cousin's bad, but oh! a brother!)
That if we ever catch the train,
It is another.

They have a rude, provoking way
Of standing, coated, idly humming:
Then shouting at the stairs, "I say!
When are you coming!"

So now, to crush, with foot severe,
This spiteful fib with nothing in it.
I have myself been waiting here—
Well—quite a minute.

He comes at last—no blushes mount;
He does not stammer, pained and flurried—
'Twas not, I hope, on my account
Your highness hurried!

What's that! Been waiting here since three,
And just strolled round to seek the rover!—
Of course you throw the blame on me—
A man all over.

THE HAUNTED TUNNEL.

In one of the wildest localities of the country, along the line of an erstwhile great canal, built many years ago, is a long tunnel by means of which the artificial waterway was conducted past natural obstacles which could be overcome in no other manner. Even when the canal was in active operation, with lines of barges constantly coming and going, the tunnel was an eerie place, with its yawning mouth and black waters, and the boatmen were always glad when they emerged in safety from the long cavern. A narrow towpath, scarcely more than a shelf, skirted the canal, and along this the sure-footed mules picked their way in the darkness, relieved only by smoking torches in the hands of the drivers. More than one unfortunate navigator had slipped and fallen into the thick water to meet instant death, and in time the tunnel gained the reputation of being haunted. When the day came that the canal could not be operated profitably it was abandoned and the water was no longer disturbed by passing packets of heavily laden boats. Still the bed was not drained, but for years the great ditch was filled to overflowing through the inlet locks connecting directly with the river and needing no human aid to direct the current. Naturally the reputation of the tunnel did not improve under the changed condition of affairs. With the disappearance of the boatmen, the spot, of course, became lonelier than before, and the inhabitants shunned the locality. Unruly children were frightened into obedience by threats of banishment to the dread opening, and the older people were unwilling to enter the dark portals.

One day news came that it was proposed to build a branch railroad along the bed of the canal, and before the sleepy inhabitants fully realized what it all meant a corps of surveyors was in their midst, squinting through their instruments and making mysterious notes in their books. By and by the strangers had run their line right up to the mouth of the tunnel, and found further progress barred by a break in the towpath. The engineer in charge at once instituted a search for a skiff, but was unable to find one until the following day.

The pretty daughter of the planter with whom the chief engineer boarded told the history of the tunnel to the stranger one moonlight night as the pair sat in the shadow of the porch and gazed across the narrow valley at the great mountain which was pierced through and through by the opening. The listener was strangely impressed. Whether by reason of the horror of the tale or by the fascinating influence of the soft voice and picturesque scene or both, he became intensely interested, and long after the family had retired he sat alone on the porch smoking and musing over the story. At last, it must have been very nearly midnight, the inclination to visit the spot became so strong that he rose and strolled over to the canal, walking toward the tunnel. The water lay black and still in the moonlight, unmoved save by the sudden plunge of frogs, disturbed by the tread of the wanderer. Gaining the mouth of the tunnel, he lit a fresh cigar and took a seat on a huge rock. Not a sound broke the stillness of night.

At last his cigar was nearly finished the engineer rose to go, but as he did so he seemed to hear a faint halloo from the tunnel. Considerably startled he peered into its depth and listened eagerly. Nothing rewarded his vigilance, and thinking that the cry was nothing but a creation of a sleepy brain he again turned to depart. Scarcely had he taken a dozen steps ere the sound of voices reached his ears, and once more turning he was horrified to see lights wavering far away in the tunnel. The spectator's hair fairly stood on end for a moment, but realizing that the mysterous lights were approaching he crouched down behind a pile of stones and waited developments. In a few minutes the water began to reflect the rays of torches, and presently the sound, not of a struggling mule, but of oars was distinguishable. Finally a long narrow boat shot out of the tunnel and at the same instant the lights disappeared. Quickly the craft sped down the canal, so that by the time the engineer could recover his senses and stand erect the boat had vanished in the darkness the moon having set. Perplexed and surprised he walked slowly home. His reason forbade the acceptance of the vision as a supernatural occurance, and yet he could accoount for the spectacle in no other manner.

The next day a skiff was procured and the engineer, with two assistants, paddled into the opening. A torch blazed brightly in the bow and as the boat progessed the light fell fitfully upon the walls and roof of the tunnel. The broken towpath and heaps of debris showed that time was at work. When a quarter of the distance had been traversed the engineer, who sat in the bow, suddenly raised his hand as a signal to cease paddling. The momentum of the boat, however, carried it up with a sharp shock against the obstruction, which had been seen by the surveyor. The party gazed at the huge pile of dirt in astonishment and dismay. The idea of the canal being obstructed had never entered their heads.

When the skiff was being turned the voyagers saw with surprise that a narrow passage opened at right angles to the canal. The opening was about three feet wide and sufficiently high to admit a boat with its occupants. The men were unanimous in a desire to explore the excavation, and the skiff was pushed into the passage. Suddenly the engineer whispered to the others to stop the boat. As soon as motion ceased the sound of voices was heard, and the surveyors saw just ahead of them a light boat tied to an iron ring, while beyond a passage led upward, vanishing in the darkness. An unseen person was speaking: "Well, Bill, if them railroad fellers let us alone to-day we'll be all right." "Yes," responded another invisible speaker; "we can put all that's left in the boat yonder, and join the gang to-night." The engineer leaned over and extinguished the torch, throwing the cavern into utter darkness. "Well we've made out pretty good," continued the first speaker; "we now have nearly ten thousand yellow boys on hand, and they are the best we ever coined." Without waiting to hear more the engineer pushed the skiff slowly back until the main tunnel was reached when no time was lost in gaining its mouth and calling together the entire corps for consultation.

Midnight had again come and once more the mysterious boat floated out of the tunnel and sped down the canal. When it had passed some distance the call of an owl rang out. Five minutes later a similar cry came from down stream and at once a man who had been hiding by the tunnel scrambled to his feet and ran down the towpath until he met a second watcher. "They're goin' to make the 1:20 train at Jenson's switch. I heard them talkin' as they passed," whispered the latter. "Just as I thought. Go for the Sheriff at once and tell him to meet the train at the water tank. I'll ride ahead to the switch and keep them in sight." Again the screech of an owl sounded further down the canal, indicating the canoe had passed another watchful picket.

When the night express drew up at Jenson's switch two men with a heavy trunk boarded it, and after it started a third man, hitherto invisible, jumped on the steps of the rear car. Meeting the conductor in the aisle the pair whispered softly, after which the brass buttoned official went forward, soon returning with the information that the two men were conversing with a party of five who had entered the train further down the road, and that all paid their fare in cash to the end of his run, beyond which he could not collect. When the train stopped at the water tank the Sheriff, with a dozen deputies, was on hand, and the party of counterfeiters was taken into custody, their entire season's work, as well as their machinery, being secured. The capture was entirely unexpected and the men made little resistance.—Philadelphia Times.

LINCOLN'S FAVORITE.

A Little Story Which the Great President Liked the Best.

A well known Chicago physician returned from a little visit to relatives in the interior of the state recently. He had been carried beyond his destination once before, so when he boarded the car in the evening he called the porter to him as soon as that dignitary's attention could be attracted and held the following conversation with him:

"John, here's a dollar for you."

"Yes, sah."

"And I'm going to get off at Rockford to-night," continued the doctor.

"Yes, sah," said John.

"That means I don't want to be carried through to Dubuque."

"Yes, sah."

"So if you can't wake me up in time to dress, I want you to see that you get me off anyway, no matter what happens."

"Yes, sah," and they parted.

In due season the medical man went to his berth with a feeling of blessed security. About daybreak he was awakened by hearing a feminine voice from the section just across say:

"Porter, are we in Dubuque yet?"

"No'm, we ain't dah yit," he answered huskily, "but we'll be dah in half 'n hour."

Thoroughly aroused and very angry the Chicago man threw the curtains apart and saw the porter grinning feebly, with his collar torn, his nose slit down the middle and evident contusion about each of his eyes.

"Here, you black rascal!" shouted the aggrieved traveler, "didn't I tell you to get me off at Rockford?"

"Lord bless mah soul, mistah," said the sable brother, jumping, "is you de man dat was going to git off at Rockford?" Then adding, reflectively, as he felt of a torn ear, "I wonder who de man was dat I put off at Rockford?"—Chicago Herald.

A Unique Rat-Trap.

Rats are very selfish. A Brooklyn lady has discovered this fact, and acting upon it placed a piece of looking glass in the side of a trap opposite the entrance. The rat, seeing the reflection of an animal of its kind about to enter, hastens its movements, and of course gets in first. The lady who thought of this trick has been quite successful in catching rats, and in the very trap which before they had studiously shunned.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

George Kennan Got Into Trouble But Outwitted the Russians.

On the second day after our arrival in Krasnoyarsk we narrowly escaped getting into what might have been serious trouble as the result of an unexpected perquisition in the house of the acquaintance with whom Shamarin and Peterson were staying. This acquaintance, it seemed, was under suspicion, and late in the evening, during the absence of the two young men from their quarters, the police suddenly appeared with orders to make a house-search. The search was duly made, but nothing of a suspicious nature was found except the two locked trunks of Shamarin and Peterson. In reply to a question as to what was in them the proprietor of the house said that he did not know, that they were the property of two of his acquaintances who had stopped for a few days with him on their way from Irkutsk to St. Petersburg. Upon being asked where these acquaintances were, he replied that he did not know, that they usually went out after dinner and returned between eleven and twelve o'clock. After a brief consultation the police officers decided that as they had no orders to search the personal baggage of the house-owner's guests they would not force the locks of the trunks, but would merely cord and seal them so that the contents could not be tampered with and leave them until morning.

When Shamarin and Peterson returned to their quarters about midnight they found their trunks corded and sealed so that they could not be opened. In one of them were many letters from political exiles and convicts in Eastern Siberia to friends and relatives in European Russia—letters describing my investigations and the nature of the material that I was collecting and asking the friends and relatives in European Russia to cooperate with me—and a photograph of myself that I had given to Shamarin with a dedication or inscription on the back that would reveal to any intelligent police officer the intimate nature of my relations with political convicts. What was to be done? To break a police seal under such circumstances would be a penal offense, and would probably lead to imprisonment and an investigation. To leave the letters and photograph in the trunk would be to insure their discovery and confiscation on the following morning and that might create a very embarrassing situation for me, as well as for the authors and their friends. The two young men finally concluded to make an attempt to get the trunk open without removing the cords or breaking the seals, and as the letters and photograph were near the bottom, and as the lid could not be raised even if the trunk were unlocked, they decided to take out a part of the bottom and afterward replace it. By working all the rest of the night they succeeded in getting out one of the bottom boards, obtained the dangerous letters and the photograph, put the board back without disturbing any of the seals, and when the police came in the morning stood by with unruffled serenity and saw the trunks searched. Of course nothing more dangerous than a hair-brush, and nothing more incriminating than a hotel bill, could be found.—Century.

NOT EASILY EXPLAINED.

A Strangely Successful Experiment in Mind Reading.

A famous specialist in nervous diseases recently spent an evening with the writer who gives the story in the Sat. Evening Post. Asked if he had ever come into contact with mental phenomena that science could not explain, he answered:

Yes, I had a very curious experience not long ago. I was on my way to W—, and had made the acquaintance in a smoking carriage of two cultivated men whose conversation was extremely entertaining. The talk turned upon mind reading, and one of my companions proposed an experiment. I went to the other end of the carriage, and on my return my friends informed me that they had chosen a woman's name and would will me to guess it.

We took hold of hands and sat silent for a time. Gradually my mind became a blank. I could not concentrate my thoughts, and a slight nervous twitching affected my muscles. Pretty soon a name came into my head. I glanced at my companions. They were eyeing me attentively. As though influenced by an irresistible power, I faltered out—

"Edna Dorr."

"That's it," they cried in chorus. "That was the name we had selected."

On my return to town I found the name of Edna Dorr constantly in my mind. I had never heard it before, and did not know whether it was the name of a living being or simply the product of the experimenters' fancy. Whatever it was it haunted me. I really felt annoyed at my weakness. I began to fear that I had overworked and was in danger of nervous prostration.

One night lately I was called to examine a critical case at a well-known hospital. I found that the patient, a young woman, had been shot, and when I reached her side she was dying. I bent towards her, for I saw that her end was at hand.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Edna Dorr," she answered. In another moment she was dead.

That is the whole case. Who she was or how my travelling companions happened to select her name I know not. Queer, wasn't it?

On the Canadian Border.

According to report the amount of smuggling in the neighborhood of Sumas Wash., on the Canadian boundary line, is stupendous, and smuggling is a leading industry there.

THE SECRET OF PURITY.

Here, in this silent, wooded place,
Where impure waters lie,
While dead leaves strew their face,
There looks up to the quiet sky,
Transmitting filth to fair, pure grace,
By roots that lie beyond the eye,
A water-lily.

So in thy quiet, humble place,
Where earth's pollutions are,
While dead hopes fall apace;
As thou look'st up, see Heaven afar,
Transmute thy life to purest grace
Through faiths that oft in secret are,
And be—a lily.

—Pittsburg Bulletin.

TWO YANKEE WOMEN.

"You might just as well as not give it up at once, Hannah Doble," the widow Doble said, jerking out her words between the thumps of the sad-iron with which she was ironing a linen ulster. "Jeff Larkin ain't no sort of steddy company fur my darter," and the iron came down with an extra crash, and the widow lifted it within an inch of her cheek, and deciding that it was too cool for further use carried it to the stove and took up another.

Meanwhile Hannah steadily bent her head over the sewing machine at which she sat, and said nothing.

"You are paying attention to me, Hannah Jane Doble?" queried the mother.

"Yes, mother, I hear," said Hannah.

Mrs. Doble felt that this was all that was necessary. Her word was law, and Hannah never answered back.

"If I didn't forget," said Mrs. Doble. "I can't cut two sleeves out of what is left of the pattern, nohow, and seein' it's blindman's holiday you might as well take the time to run to the store and get a yard or two more. I dunno whether to tell you to tell Priscilly Coots that she gave me short measure or not. Ef I was goin' myself I'd do it sure, but bein' you air young I dunno as I orter tell you to sass an elderly person, but you might kinder look so, and it would not be no harm if you said that usually twelve good yards made you a muslin dress.

"You heard what I said Hannah Jane?" queried the widow.

"Yes, ma, I heard," said Hannah, and went to the door. There she stood quite still for a moment, then came back, bent over her mother and kissed her.

Kissing was an unusual proceeding in that household but this was an unusual occasion perhaps, and the widow patted the girl's soft, pink cheek and held her slim hand a moment.

"You know its only for your good, Hannah Jane," she said gently. "I wouldn't want you to have to bear what some does. I knowed Jeff Larkin's pa and his uncle. He takes after them two men like peas in a pod take after each other. He ain't fit for a good gal like you, Hannah Jane Doble."

The widow went to the window and watched her daughter out of sight. Despite the typical New England coldness of her manner, she loved that slim, pretty, pink and white girl of hers devotedly, and it was no caprice that made her roughen the course of what, in Hannah's case, was certainly true love.

Then she began to set the tea-table.

"I'll get out some plum sass," she said, talking to herself, "and I dunno but we might as well eat up the pound cake, Hannah is a favorite of sweets."

She bustled about, making the meal as tempting as possible, forgetting the old days of her girlhood, when a little tiff with young John Doble could take away her appetite, thinking to make Hannah Jane happy with plum preserves and pound cake. It grew dark and she lighted the lamp, but she did not draw down the shade. It seemed to her that it would be more cheerful for Hannah, coming up the lane, to see the warm glow from the keeping-room window. Hannah stayed longer than she thought she would.

"She's stopped somewhere or other, I suppose," she said. "But that ain't like my Hannah Jane, neither."

Out she hurried into the garden, fearing to leave the gate lest the girl should come home while she was away. But the 9 o'clock bell rang out, and still she stood there chilled through and through, but most of all cold at heart.

She had gone down to the village by the cross roads; she had called her daughter's name over and over again, returning always to the gate, always peeping into the window to see if Hannah had returned. Now she bethought her of a neighbor who would help her hunt for Hannah—who had men and dogs and lanterns at command. The awful stories told of girls found murdered in lonely places were making the poor woman ill with terror and off she went again.

The clock was striking ten; the farmer was making the last rounds of stable and yard with his little son at his heels.

"Halloo, Mrs. Doble!" he cried. "Nothing wrong?"

"Yes," she answered, grim and gray in her mortal anguish. "Yes, Hannah is missing—my Hannah—sence 5 o'clock—sence 6 anyway. She'd been to the store—I'm thinkin' of tramps."

"Good Lud!" cried the farmer. "Oh, I hope not, Mrs. Doble—I hope not!"

"Nothing is the matter, Mrs. Doble," cried the boy at his father's side. "Miss Hannah has gone on the cars. I saw her at the depot. She was along with Jeff Larkin. Seven o'clock train they took. She had quite a sizable bag, for I saw her get it from the baggagemaster, like he'd been keeping it for her."

"Nothing the matter," the child had said in his ignorance; but the father understood why Mrs. Doble turned her face to the side of the barn and shook as with ague.

"Carry them kindlings in, Tom", he said, and when they were alone his big hand came down softly on the elderly woman's square shoulder.

"Dunno as I can help you any, Mrs. Doble," he said, "but I feel for you."

"Thank you," she gasped; "I was so afraid she'd marry him. I talked to her. She didn't answer back; she never does."

"Well, the best you can hope now is that she will," said the farmer.

He walked home with her across the road and saw her seated in her rocking chair.

The biscuits were black coals in the oven, the tea-kettle had boiled dry, and the bottom, a fiery red mass, had dropped upon the stove. The cat was drinking the milk, but for the first time in her life Mrs. Doble took heed of nothing. Even on the dreadful day of her husband's death she had tidied her room as usual—had seen that all was in order. Now she sat where her neighbor had placed her, tearless, white, almost motionless, all night long. In the morning neighbors flocked in and put her to bed and gave her strong green tea and later the postman brought a paper with the marriage notice marked in blue pencil. There she read:

"On the evening of the — of October, at the residence of Rev. Samuel Dove, Jefferson Larkin to Hannah Jane, daughter of the late John Doble, all of Strawville."

A few days afterwards she was up and at her daily tasks again. She never mentioned her daughter; no one ever spoke of her. People asked her to tea often, thinking she must be lonely. She always accepted their invitations. Whatever her feelings were, she locked them in her bosom, and she folded the half-finished muslin gown away in the old chest of drawers and covered it with clean paper, on which was sprinkled a layer of dried lavender, and beside it she laid the sleeve pattern.

Years altered nothing. Fifteen of them were gone, when one afternoon she stood at the table ironing her linen duster with slow thuds and singing softly in slow jerks between the thumps: "When I can read my title—clear." She had just turned the duster and was pressing the collar as she droned the words: "To mansions—in"—when the door behind her opened and a woman, thin and worn, and dressed in shabby widow's mourning, entered the door. She carried in her hand a little parcel, and walking softly to the ironing table laid it down before Mrs. Doble.

"There is the muslin, ma," she said. "Mrs. Coots wouldn't take the change. Said she'd made a mistake, her eyes being poor. Here it is."

She placed a dime and a 5-cent piece beside the parcel and waited, both hands in black cotton gloves, through which the nails were visible upon the table.

"She's given good measure this time, Hannah Jane," she said. "Poor Priscilly always meant well. Mr. Coots is married again. It's most blindman's holiday; but I guess I can see to cut them sleeves."

She had opened the drawer, and the fragrance of dried lavendar filled the room, and the blue muslin saw the light again. She spread out the new piece upon the table and pinned the pattern to it.

"We might as well make it up, for spring will be here before we know it," Mrs. Doble went on; "and you hadn't orter wear weeds for anybody that has treated you as bad as Jeff Larkin did—all the Larkins always did. I know just how it has been. Do you hear me, Hannah?"

"Yes, ma, I hear," said Hannah faintly, her voice broken by emotion.

The widow turned. She stood and looked upon her daughter, and saw in her fair face, whence the pretty pink had flown, in the blue eyes that had lost all their sunshine, all the woe of wretched years of neglect and ill usage, all the hopeless longing for home and mother; and Hannah, as she gazed upon the furrowed cheeks, upon the forehead, where the wrinkles ran one above the other to meet the white hair, knew that age had not done this work alone, but that anguish, "sharper than the serpent's tooth" that "it is to have a thankless child," understood for the first time what it was that she had done to her mother, and with a wild cry stretched out her arms as a frightened babe might from its cradle.

The next instant these two cold New England women were in each other's arms, clasping and clinging as they had never done before. They never spoke one word but only wept upon each other's bosoms as though they would dissolve in tears in this sudden rush and overflow of the pent-up emotions of a lifetime.—Mary Kyle Dallas, in the Chicago Herald.

The Devil's Knell.

Among the famous bells of Dewsburg, Yorkshire, England, is one known as "Black Tom of Soothill," which was presented to the church in expiation of a murder. "Black Tom" is always rung on Christmas Eve. Its solemn tolling as it strikes the first tap at exactly midnight is known all over Yorkshire as the "Devil's Knell," it being the notion that when Christ was born the devil died. Legendary superstition has always invested bells with miraculous powers and strange influences, but why the so-called spirits of darkness are credited with a strong aversion to their din has never been satisfactorily explained. In many Catholic countries bells are rung during the time of great storm, "so that the devil may take flight and the tempest subside."—St. Louis Republic.

A Place for Experts.

Continental rules for lawn tennis, which is becoming popular, are very rigid in regard to costume. At Weisbaden a man cannot play without a collar to his shirt. Bare arms are looked upon with disfavor, and a ball that accidentally flies out of ground and hits a spectator is sure to raise tremendous indignation.

TRAITS OF THE TIGER.

Origin and Life of the Royal Indian Beast.

The tiger is an Asiatic animal exclusively, and ranges in suitable situations, from the Amoor to the Island of Bali, and from Turkish Georgia to the Island of Saghalin, but does not exist in Ceylon. In spite of the great destruction of tigers in India they still live, according to Mr. Blanford, wherever large tracts of forests and grass-jungle exist, and they are especially common in the forests at the base of the Himalaya. Tigers at least occasionally accompany the tigress and her cubs, for these animals, like lions, are monogamous. The young remain with the mothers until nearly or quite full grown. By day the tiger takes up its abode in deep shade, especially in the hot season, and generally near water. They swim well and will even cross arms of the sea, but very rarely ascend trees. Tigers spring much less than is popularly supposed, and rarely move both their hind legs off the ground. They roar a good deal less than lions do, although their call is very similar. Mr. Blanford says, "When hit by a bullet a tiger generally roars, but tigresses, or at all events very often, do not. I have on three occasions at least known a tigress to receive a mortal wound and pass on without making a sound.

The ordinary food of tigers, says the New York Sun, consists of pigs, deer, antelopes, and, strange to say, porcupines, which one would think would be rather awkward mouthfuls. They also sometimes kill and eat bears and young gaurs and buffaloes, although such wild cattle, if adult, are more than a match for the tiger. When hard pressed during inundations they will eat fish, tortoises, lizards, frogs, and even locusts. They kill great numbers of domestic animals, and sometimes live entirely on cattle, and they have a distinct preference for beef over mutton. The tiger appears ordinarily to kill cattle by clutching the forequarters with its paws and then seizing the throat in his jaws from underneath and forcing it upward and backward until the neck is dislocated."

The enormous muscular power of the tiger is shown by the way in which it can transport large carcasses of oxen over rough ground, sometimes lifting the body completely off the ground. A very hungry one will devour two hindquarters in one night, but generally remains three or four days near the carcass, feeding at intervals. A tigress with cubs is often very destructive, partly, it is said, to teach the young tigers to kill their own prey. Though they usually do so kill, they do not disdain carrion. Cases are even recorded of a shot tiger being devoured by another of its own species.

The ordinary cattle-eating tiger is a great coward in the presence of man, and often allows himself to be pelted off. The man-eating tigers are those which have got fat and heavy, or being disabled from age or injury find man an easy prey; and when once they have got over their innate fear of the human species such a tiger may become a fearful scourge. Thus in Lower Bengal alone 4,218 persons were killed by them between 1860 and 1866. In Bengal and Upper India tigers are hunted on elephants, the sportsmen shooting from howdahs. In central and southern India tiger shooting is usually attempted in the hot season, and the tiger is either driven by beaters past a tree on which the sportsman sits, or followed up, either on an elephant or on foot. Occasionally, especially when a tiger has been wonded, a herd of buffaloes are employed to drive him out of the cover, which they do very effectually, charging him in a body if he does not retreat. Tigers captured young are easily tamed, and many of the adult animals in menageries are perfectly good-tempered, and fond of being noted and caressed by those whom they know. They have repeatedly bred in confinement, although not so freely as lions, and the cubs more rarely thrive.

Bediprocity.

A little girl in my school, writes a Companion correspondent, recently came to me in tears, regretting the fact that her father's illness made it necessary for her to "leave and go to work."

I bade her good-by; and with a school-marm's hankering to keep a creditable pupil added "when your father is well come back to me."

Then, obeying a sudden impulse to take advantage of what I knew to be, in all probability, my last chance to influence the precious waif for good, I said, "But if I never see you again I hope you will try to do your duty wherever you may be. Whatever work you may have to do, try to do it well. I hope you will be an honest, honorable woman."

"Thank you, ma'am," she replied, putting up her mouth to be kissed. "I wish you the same."

The dear child! I know now what St. Paul meant by the "foolishness of preaching."—Youth's Companion.

A Blinding Light.

A new musical light is shining in Germany so strong in the eyes of its admirers as to put Wagner's in the shade. Paul Geisler has made a sensation with his opera, "The Knights of Marienburg." He writes his librettos, and as a composer is said to have really striking musical individuality.

Darwin Leads.

An Italian publisher got the opinions of one hundred writers and scholars as to who are the best authors. The replies placed Darwin at the head of foreign writers. Shakespeare next and Schiller, Goethe and Humboldt following.